RAVERS

Volume 1
Issue 3

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Ravers Get Messy!



Up The Workers... with Big Choppers!



The Bang Gang On Hol!

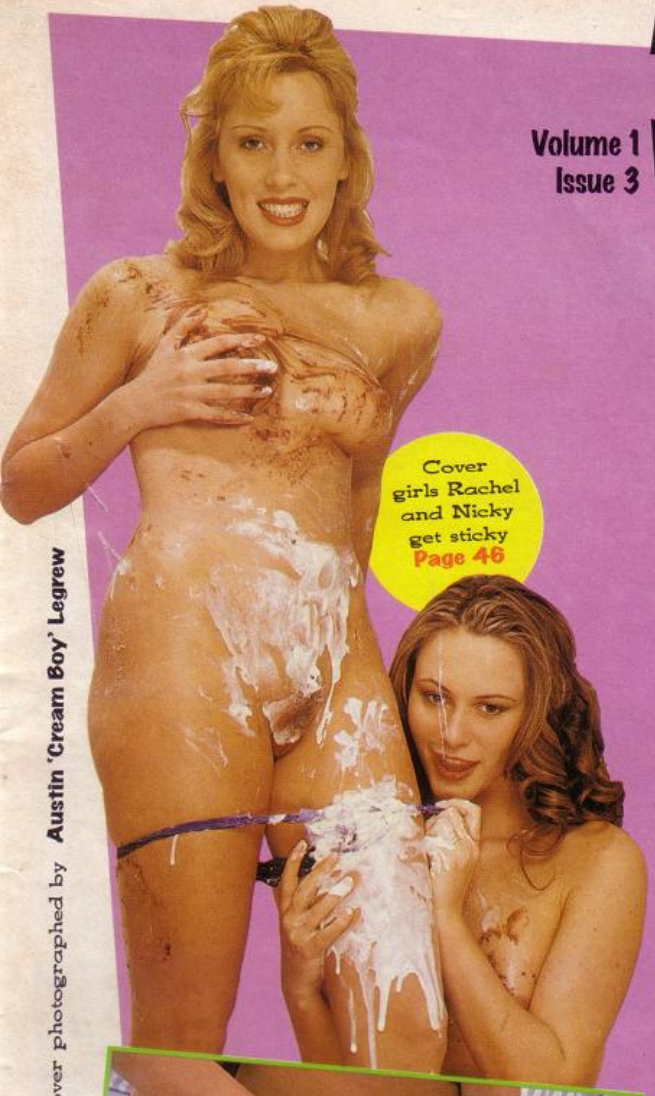
CREAM TARTS!

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RAVERS

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Issue 3

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Rave On!

You did what? With how many people? Well don't just tell us about it, share it with the rest of our readers! Send us your naughtiest tales and we'll print them. What's more, if you send in rude pictures to go with them, then we'll pay you £25 for every one we use, so get scribbling and snapping, and send your results to: Rave On!, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

Cock Watch

Congratulations on the new magazine. It was excellent wanking material, and I enjoyed the readers' letters, but it puzzles me how anyone can write so much. I have tried to write to you myself on several occasions in the past, but I always got so engrossed in what I was writing that I ended up wanking myself in my pants halfway through, and then I was incapable of writing any more!

I was interested to see that penis size is still a major subject of your letters, with 10 inchers abounding, and I have decided to (try to) write to comment on this matter myself.



My own tool is a standard six inches long when erect. I find this hard to believe when I see myself in the mirror – my reflection looks much bigger to me and I pride myself that it looks more like seven inches or longer. I call this the 'mirror effect'.

The effect is equally valid when I am flaccid. Often, when I go for a piss during the daytime my tool looks quite small to me, but when I see it reflected in a mirror limply dangling from my flies it looks, again, much larger. And though I say it myself, it compares more than adequately with other blokes' tools that I've seen flapping around in the gents. The 'mirror effect' leads me to conclude that most of the sizes stated in readers' letters are larger than the genuine size. It is all a matter of perspective and the angle of view.

As independent evidence of the 'mirror effect', I would like to relate an incident that happened a few years ago while I was on a camping holiday in Italy with a mate, Jim. To cut a long story short, one evening we were having a night-cap in one of the tents, and somehow got around to talking about sex. This went on for some time as we discussed fantasies and masturbation, and then Jim confessed that he'd recently got his leg over for the first time a month or so ago, and he told me all the details.

Jim clearly enjoyed recalling the incident, and listening to it was like having a dirty letter read out aloud. When the conversation finally lulled, we both had bulging erections in our trousers due to thinking and talking about it and were desperate to wank off. In the circumstances, on the spur of the moment, we agreed to take our tools out and wank off together.

When I first saw Jim's tool, I gauged it was much bigger than



mine (in fact in the torchlight it looked massive), but when we compared them I found that it was only about half an inch longer, making it six and a half inches.

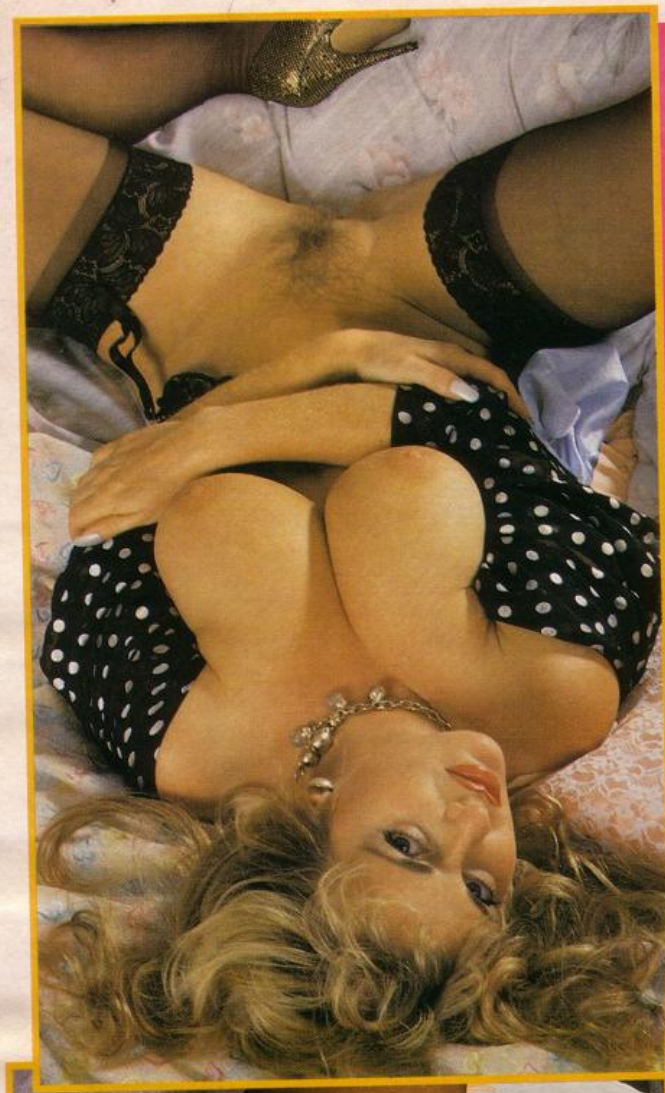
Thus the mirror effect was proved – because of my angle of perspective and view I had mis-

Curvy, jouncing titties and a smoothly rounded arse. But enough about my granny, let's talk about having Gail's thighs wrapped around my neck and my face buried deep in her rapidly moistening fanny. Now that's my idea of eating out. And they say there's no such thing as a free lunch...





GAIL







Photographed by Gavin Hunt


RAVERS GAIL

Rave On!



The RAVERS Top 10 Ways Of Knowing You're NOT Going To Score Tonight

1. You get back to her place to find firemen sifting the wreckage for her parents.
2. You have a pair of pants with the words 'Girl Bait' on them.
3. The girl you meet in the pub brings her three brothers back to your place.
4. Every time you ask a girl for a dance, she laughs.
5. Just as you're about to put your condom on, your 80 year old mum walks in with the ladies' whist drive team..
6. You read a magazine published by one of our competitors.
7. You're having the last dance with a drunken Russian sailor who thinks you're his dog.
8. At your place, you come back from the bog to find out she's dug a tunnel and escaped.
9. Your regular chat up line is, 'Hi, I'm the editor of Ravers...'
10. Even the sluts avoid you at parties.



judged Jim's tool and guessed it to be a good seven inches plus and much bigger than mine. Incidentally, after making the comparison we went on to have a thoroughly good wank.

Although I'd like to point out that we stayed at opposite ends of the tent! We even went on to pick up a couple of local girls during the holiday, and show them a good time back in our tent; something I'd never have been able to do before. I think I'd have been too embarrassed about showing my penis off in front of Jim had we not already seen each other's cocks.

Bill, Dumfries.

Word From The Ed: I'm not, er, homophobic, but I do know that a lot of men wouldn't be as candid as you are. I also know that a lot of readers 'exaggerate' their knob size when they write to us. I don't know why, because it just makes the small feel smaller. Not that I have anything to worry about, of course. Unless they decide that a 5½ inch wanger is small...

Fan Male

Congratulations on publishing a new magazine, full of goodies and worthy of the price. I will certainly continue to purchase it.

In your first issue, in **Stark Ravers Part 2**, I found Debbie of Lancs very seductive and wish I could strike up a correspondence with her, if it is possible. Although one reads the raunchy stories, and sees models posing seductively, there aren't any guarantees! **(Huh? – Ed)**.

I know you have to keep people's names and addresses in strictest confidence, but better still I'd like to correspond with any female who is a true, uninhibited tigress **(you what?! – Ed)**. Will you print my plea, Ravers? I'm looking for honesty and discretion, and no time-wasters, for I am a true gentleman. Are you a true raunchy female I wonder? I literally dare you to write.

D.B., Norfolk.



Word From The Ed: At the moment, DB, we have no plans to turn Ravers into a contact magazine, although your kind comments are appreciated. However, as I think I said in our Clean Shaven Special issue, if enough people demand an RSVP section, we'll certainly bow to pressure!

Old Man, Young Fanny

The experience I want to share with my fellow readers happened when my wife Elaine and I were enjoying a camping holiday in Kent. We had been shopping in a nearby village and I had gone to get a newspaper while Elaine bought some food. As I returned to the car I noticed a man of about 55 watching her. When he noticed me, he gestured me to watch. Elaine was bending over loading shopping into the car boot and a playful breeze lifted up

her short summer dress, exposing her cute little bum clad in tiny white panties. The chap gave a gasp of pleasure and asked me if I had ever seen such a lovely sight. When I told him that Elaine was my wife, he chuckled apologetically and told me I was very lucky. We chatted for a few minutes and he introduced himself as Graham. It was quite exciting hearing him praise Elaine's lovely body, and he asked if I would be interested in bringing her round to visit him. I couldn't help laughing at his cheek, but I said if he would like to ask her, I would be very interested in seeing how things developed.

Elaine seemed quite flattered by Graham's attention, and he soon had her accepting his kind invitation. I was amused and excited by the thought that this old lecher was making a play for my pretty wife.

Graham's cottage was very secluded and we sat on the lawn drinking some of his home-made wine. The sun was hot and before long he had persuaded Elaine to change into her bikini. She had had a few glasses of wine by now, but even so I was surprised that she agreed. Graham took her inside to show her where to change.

They seemed to be ages, and I wondered if he had done anything to upset her. But when they returned she seemed happy enough, and she said Graham had insisted we stay for dinner that evening. Elaine does look good in a bikini. She is 23 years old with long blond hair and a slim figure, and it was exciting to watch Graham drool over her as he topped up her wine glass again. She blushed prettily at some of his cheeky remarks and, when he went in to prepare some food, she told me that she had noticed him peeking at her as she was getting changed.

I asked her if she thought he had seen her naked, and she giggled and said that he probably had, but that it didn't really matter, because her tiny bikini hardly left anything to the imagination anyway. She admitted that she was flattered by his attention, and it was very exciting to hear her talk like this. I wondered what other surprises were in store.



CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

Later that afternoon, Elaine went in for a shower as I

HIGH TECH HARD-ONS!

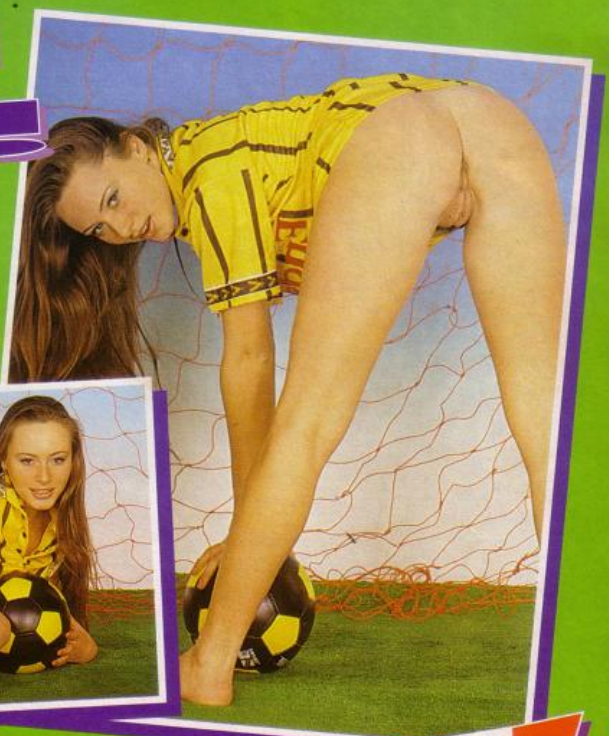
Can't be arsed with licking stamps? If you've got a modem and you're online, you can now e-mail Ravers direct! Just put 'Rave On' in the subject box and send your digitised dirties to us on

100450.760@compuserve.com

if you're on the Internet, or the normal 100450,760 if you're a CompuServe user. And remember, mark them down as Sender Pays you tight-fisted lot!

SNATCH OF THE DAY!

BUMLEY F.C.





You join us here at a packed Ravers stadium for this month's Snatch Of The Day, featuring Bumley away to some ropy astro-turf. Bumley's new signing, Nicky, got the game off to a cracking start by flashing her fanny at the ref, who demonstrated his appaling ball control. Man of the match would have to be my John Thomas, who shot for an amazing 40 yards after Nicky lay down on her side and squidged her fanny up between her legs. I hope she's game for an early bath...

Next Month, we'll be introducing Ravers Fantasy League Fuckball, so if you have any suggestions, you'd better get them in quick. Send them to: FLF, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.



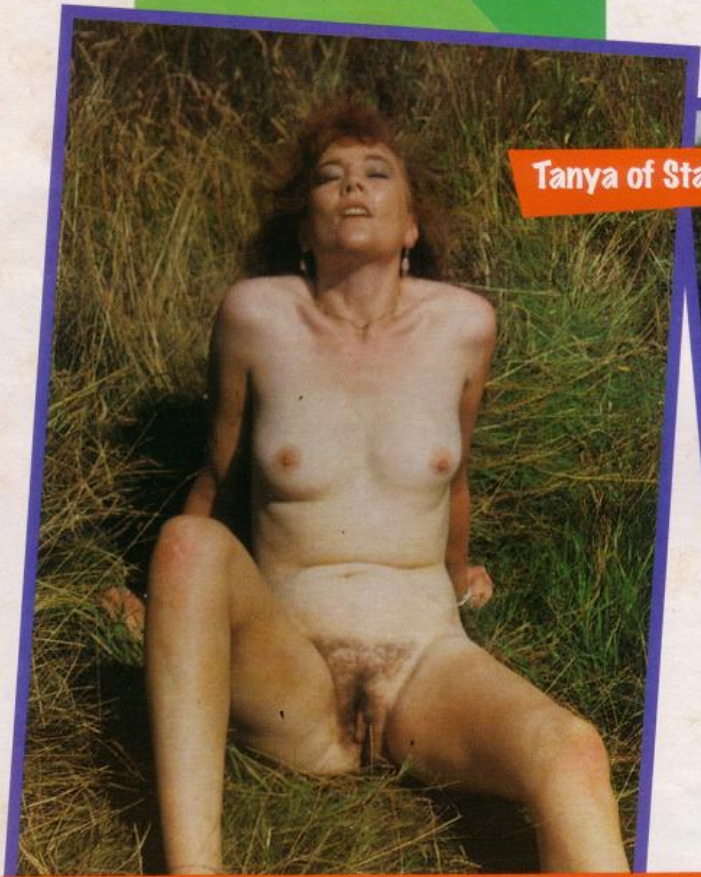

Photographed by Martin Wright



Yvonne
RAVERS

OUT & ABOUT





Tanya of Staffs

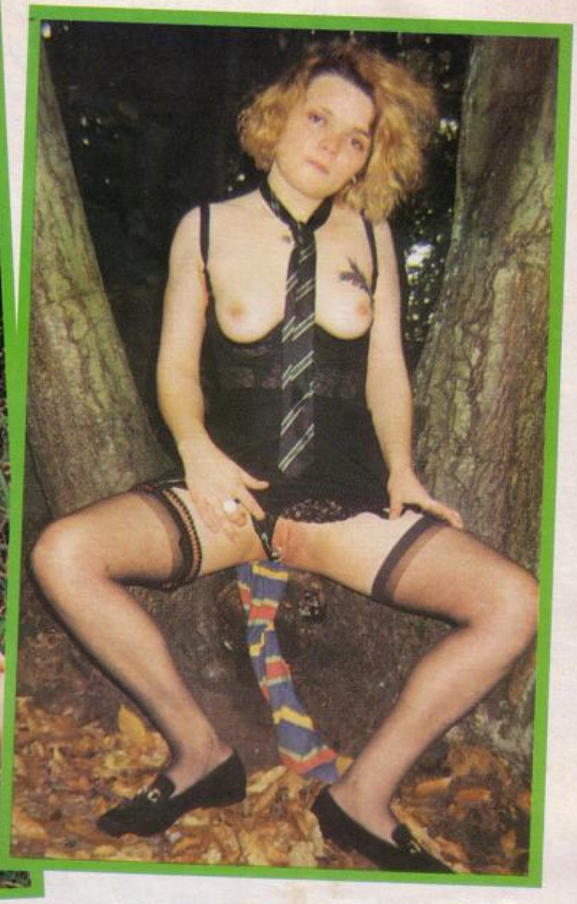


GO wild in the country! So what if it's a bit parky out, it'll certainly make your nips stick out! This is where we showcase some of our more adventurous wives. If your missus fancies standing in a field and showing off her beauty spots, then this is the place to send 'em! In the garden, the street, fields, shopping centres, the Houses of Parliament, National Parks, National Galleries; we'll print them all, and pay you £25 for each one published into the bargain. Now you can't say fairer than that, can you? Get your saucy snaps in an envelope and send them to: Out & About, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

Want to see more wives? Then turn to page 80 right now!



Jeanette of Essex









Ursula of Germany

The Bang Gang

The Editor's ideal holiday: Take two Ravers, pay their air fares out to some exotic location and leave their suitcases at Heathrow airport. As if George and Melanie would give a toss! Just so long as they've got a bottle of suntan lotion between them and a pair of tiny, hanky-sized bikinis to cover their moist tufts. Or is that a tiny, hanky-sized bikini between them and a bottle of suntan lotion to cover their moist tufts? Ah, who cares. Let's be honest, the only way the Ed could ever score with these two would be if he started a football team with them and played against Atlantis. Even then the pools panel would have to be called in, on account of Atlantis having a water-logged pitch, so he still wouldn't actually score with them. He'd be better off just begging, like he normally does!







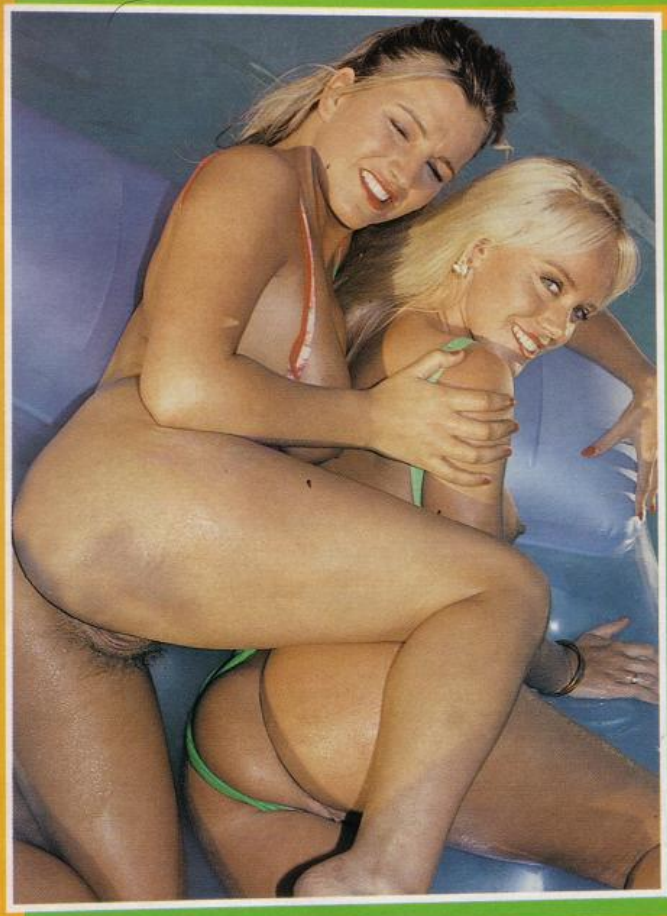






Photographed by Rod Munch














The Bang Gang

THE RAVERS GUIDE TO BOTTOMS

You can't beat a good bum. Well, not without getting arrested, anyway. All our Ravers are hand-picked by the Ed for their juicy ripeness, and only the sweetest bottoms make it to the Captain's table. Some of the arses you'll see here are so sexy that just a whiff of lightly-scented gusset can cause an erection so huge, it could rip the skin off the rest of your body...



The Peach
Ripe and full of juice, a simple squeeze of this tasty little rear will tell you whether it's ready for plucking. The fruit is very, very juicy, so make sure you use plenty of tissues.



The Golden Globe A golden coffee colour, this rich, chocolate bottom could cause your trousers severe damage. If you approach it and hear the sound of ripping flies, move away immediately or risk doing £1000s worth of damage to your penis and the surrounding furniture.



The Great White
Large and soft, these buttocks are springy enough for you to bounce on, but watch your step; mess with these domes and you could end up with whiplash for a week!

The Back Breaker
Oh, baby. Come on and back onto my Johnson. Sorry. Owners of these bottoms are rarer than rocking horse shit, and should be married at all costs. Any girl who can do this with her arse doesn't need to be able to cook, clean or even chew gum and walk at the same time. Darling, I want to have your babies. Or at least make them.





Bony M
No noticeable arse at all. How these people sit down is beyond me. Doing it doggy style with a Bony M babe could give you more bumps than humps.



fetched the case from the car so we could change for dinner. Graham said he would like to choose something for Elaine to wear, and he followed me into the bedroom. He really was an unabashed perv! Elaine was standing there with just a towel around her; no doubt the wine had helped her to overcome her usual shyness. I was surprised and excited that she didn't object as Graham chose a long t-shirt and held it up against her. "A perfect mini-dress," he whispered, "and I don't want you to wear anything underneath it," and he started to remove her towel. "What do you think?" she asked me with a sexy wink as she stood there holding the t-shirt in front of her naked body.

I was so turned on that I could only nod in agreement. Graham gave her naked little bum a friendly pat as he came and stood beside me and we watched as Elaine tried the t-shirt on. She looked wonderful – totally naked for a few seconds until the shirt was in place. Graham praised her lovely figure, and she blushed as he moved behind her and pointed out to me how wonderful her perky little breasts looked under the thin material. He stroked his hands over her nipples as he marvelled at her firm, young tits for a few moments. Then he moved his hands down to her bum. "See how the short length shows off her lovely long legs to full advantage," he said as he ran his hand over her firm bottom and traced his fingers along the hem of the t-shirt. "It only just covers her pretty pussy," he said, and to demonstrate, he lifted the hem slightly and gave me a quick flash of her blonde thatch. Then he moved his hands back to her breasts. He cupped them gently and kissed her neck.

My cock was throbbing with excitement as I watched Graham playing with Elaine's tits. She just stood there letting him stroke her. I moved forward and kissed her mouth and she teased me with her tongue for a few minutes as we snogged passionately.

I was aware of Graham lifting her t-shirt and moving his hands underneath to maul her naked little breasts. Her mouth was working frantically on mine. Suddenly she leant forward at the waist and hugged me tightly, "He's inside me," she gasped. It was so erotic, I could feel her being pushed forward slightly as he slid his cock in and out of her.

She held me tight as he gradually sped up his thrusting movements until he finally gave a loud groan of pleasure. I could feel her shaking with excitement as he came inside her and continued to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

made in heaven!

John's table is always well-positioned, because every year he's up and down like a porn star's panties to collect one award after another. This year, he and Kristi were both nominated for about a dozen awards between them. John ended up collecting a special lifetime achievement award and a trophy for the 'Best Anal Sex Scene' in the movie **Bend Over Brazilian Babes** a scene which, according to John, had no anal sex in it whatsoever!



A lifetime Achievement Award for Buttman supremo John Stagliano

But John Stagliano wasn't the only John on the table collecting trophies. Ex-porn star John Leslie now has the reputation of being one of the classiest directors in the business. For his latest shot-on-film epic, **The Dogwalker,** he picked up the award for 'Best Screenplay', 'Best Cinematography', and 'Best Couple Scene', and yet another one for a movie called **Bad Habits** which won 'Best Video'.

However, I think he was a little disappointed that **The Dogwalker** didn't win the biggie: 'Best Film'. That accolade went to **Sex,** a V.C.A. production starring stunner Nikki Dial.

One superstar I was delighted to see picking up award after award was Bionca, the bubbly brunette best known for her nipples of steel and performances which include a particular penchant for bondage, double penetrations and lewd lesbian sex! Clad in a rubber dress, elegant boater and wearing a huge, sexy grin on her lips, Bionca was definitely one of the stars of the show, picking up three separate awards for her fiery sexual performances and directing abilities for 'Best All-Girl Scene On Film' and 'On Video', and for 'Most Outrageous Sex Scene'.



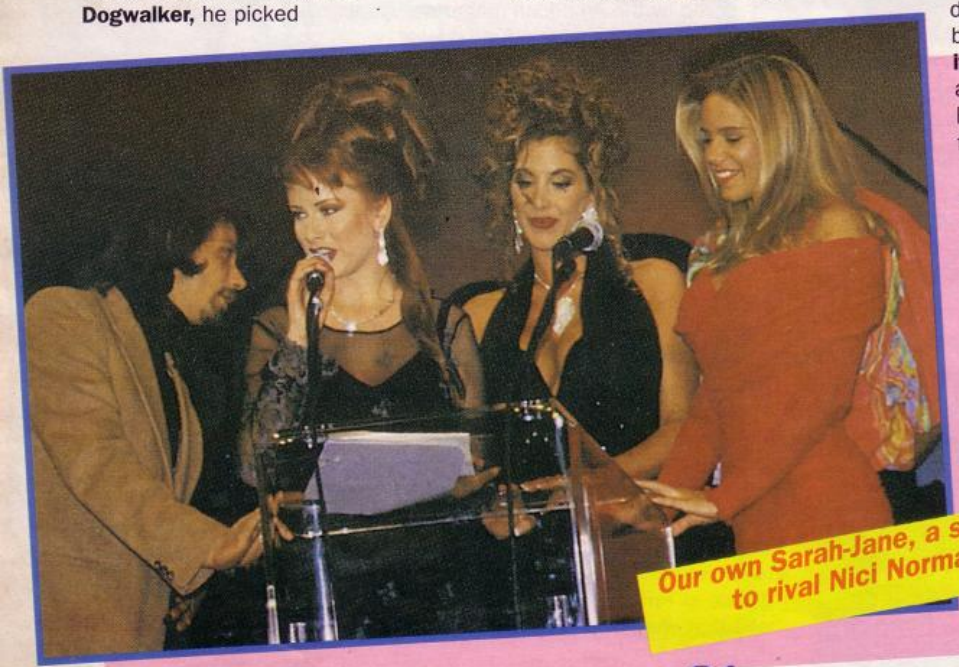
Bionca has certainly come a long way since she started out in video porn in May 1985, when she did her first movie **Teacher's Pet**, directed by Bruce Seven. Bionca is a natural, one of those performers who doesn't need breast and lip enlargements and bundles of fluffy blonde hair to elevate her to the top of her profession. Bionca is a sexstar because she adores sex, there's no doubt about it!

These days Bionca performs and directs alongside Bruce, now her husband. Their latest venture, the **Takin' it to the Limit** series is reputed to be as horny as ever. I congratulated Bionca and asked her about her favourite fucks on film.

"10 years in the business and I've certainly worked with some performers where the chemistry is fabulous. I like working with T.T. Boy. I like him because he's energetic and pretty nasty. If I tell him to slap my arse, he will. Some guys don't like a performer like me because I come on pretty strong!"

I know Bionca loves women, so snuggling up to her, I asked her about her favourite foxy females.

"My favourites are Danyel Cheeks, Sarah-Jane and of course Debi Diamond. Me and Debi are always working together



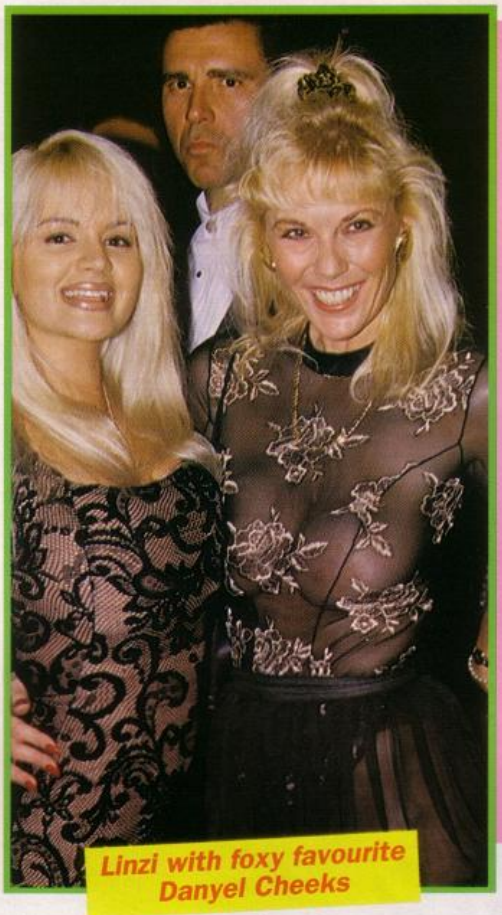
Our own Sarah-Jane, a squirter to rival Nici Norman

these days. It's like, once the word got around that Bionca and Debi are hot stuff, everyone wanted us. I'd get all these calls: 'Bionca, I want to hire you. And call Debi, I want her, too'. That's the incredible thing; I got paid to work with Debi and that was easy. Because when you're turned on, that's the best, and that's when I can't believe I'm being paid for it!"

On screen, Debi Diamond and Bionca certainly seem to have that carnal chemistry. Not surprisingly Debi was in there at the thick of it, sharing each of the three awards with her bosom buddy Bionca. Debi Diamond is one hell of a big blonde and a nymphomaniac without question. She stands around six foot two in her spike high heels and is half German and half Cherokee Indian. After almost a decade in the business, she has the reputation for being one of the horniest girls on the scene. She was nominated for nine different awards in various categories. If there's a sex movie with a wild and wanton gang bang scene, Debi is guaranteed to be in on it drinking come like it's champagne!

The most talked about award winner of the night was John Wayne Bobbitt who became instantly famous in the summer of 1993, when his spouse sliced off his penis. Thanks to microsurgery, John was reunited with his wayward penis soon after. Now, with his tackle in full working order, he's making a good living as a porno star and male stripper. Such was the brilliance of the marketing campaign effected in order to cash in on his notoriety, that the movie **John Wayne Bobbitt Uncut** (based very loosely on the chopping incident), won awards for 'Best Selling Tape', Best Renting Tape' and quite predictably 'Best Overall Marketing Campaign'. Veteran pornster Ron jeremy was up there in the bright lights with John Wayne Bobbitt, taking credit as the man who signed up the star.

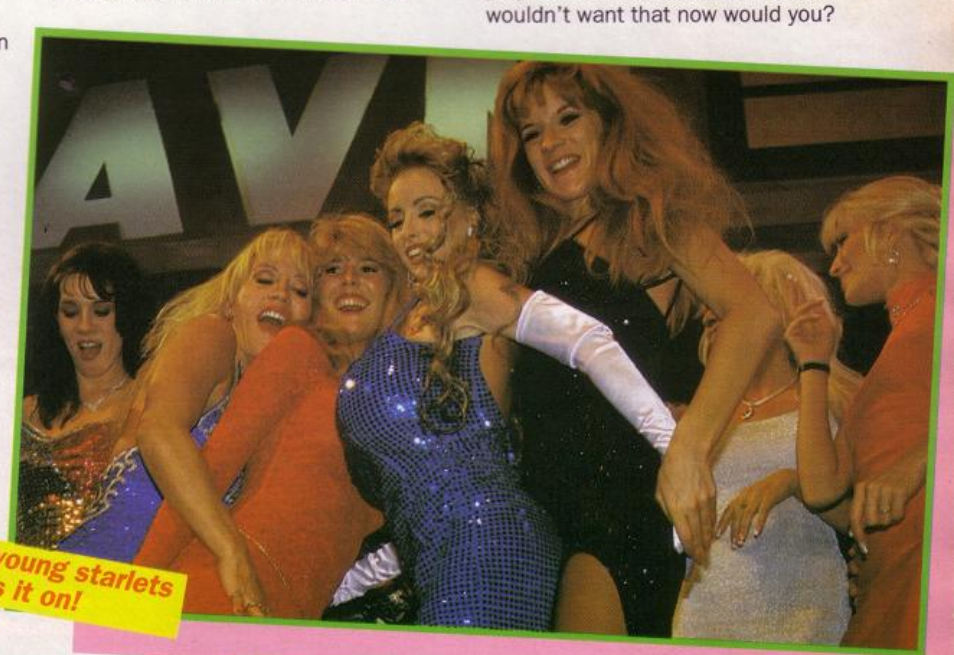
There was a cock-up during the ceremony when buxom, blonde cutie, Kylie Ireland should have been making her way up onto the podium to collect her trophy for 'Starlet of the Year' and was nowhere to be seen. When she finally made it onto the stage some time later, her acceptance speech was far more natural than John Wayne Bobbitt's: "I'll cut this short," she said. "I must be the biggest schmuck ever. My big moment comes and I have to go and take a pee!"



Linzi with foxy favourite Danyel Cheeks

Although the awards ceremony had its fair share of Eurotalent, the Americans scooped all the accolades except for three. A Marc Dorcel production, **Mathilde's Perfume**, picked up an award for Best European Release, and Private picked up awards for 'Best Foreign Release' for **Virgin Treasures**, which was directed and shot by two Brits, and 'Best Continuing Video Series' for their video magazine.

The British gave it their best shot and there were nominees in several categories. One such nominee is a squirter to rival naughty Nici Norman; Sarah-Jane, a Londoner who left a couple of years ago to go and squirt in the US. Sarah was up on the podium presenting an award, but unfortunately the stunning redhead didn't make it back to collect one, although she was nominated for 'Best Couples Scene' and the biggie, 'Female Performer of the Year' which went to the Oriental cutie Asia Carrera. Quite a few British babes have now relocated to the States to work in the wonderful world of pornoland. I talked to a horny handful, and I'll be bringing you a special report on some of these lewd lovelies soon. The glitzy ceremony was brought to a climactic conclusion when Randy West and Dyanna Lauren took to the stage and belted out a raunchy rendition of a specially composed song, suitably entitled 'Nasty'. The two experienced sex performers can sing almost as well as they can fuck, and had everybody up and dancing. All the scantily-clad starlets leapt on stage, gyrated around like crazy, and became even more scantily-clad! It was a paparazzi's dream. Well, you'd expect a ceremony like this to go out with a bang, and this one certainly did! The show might have been over, but the private parties went on into the small hours, and I was once again in the thick of it. Well, all that work and no play would make me dull, and you wouldn't want that now would you?

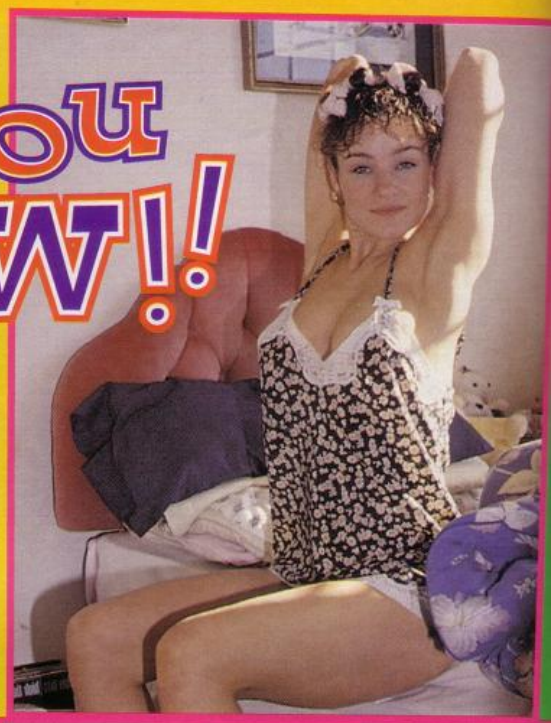


A bevy of young starlets gets it on!

Get up you lazy cow!!



Julie





Photographed by John Mason

You're probably sick and tired of seeing glamourous girls in studios, so we thought we'd give you something a bit different this month. We asked John Mason to lurk around Julie's house one morning when she got up and got ready to go shopping. So he followed her from the moment she stumbled out of bed to when she got in the shower to shave her pubes! Top geezer or what. And his lens didn't steam up even once! I'm a bit worried about the way she raided her stinky laundry bin for a bra, mind...


"HMMMM...!"








"OOOOO!!!"












RAVERS
Julie
"EEEEEE!!!!
AHHHH!!!!
OOOOO!!!!"



One evening Keith and the leading man Tom came to rehearse at our home. Paula suggested that I may like to help, because a scene required a passionate kiss, and she knew I would enjoy watching. Tom and Paula practiced their lines as Keith took me to one side. He explained that his actors were all in their 50s and were thrilled to have a beautiful young member. He raved about Paula's lovely figure and told me he wanted to make more of her part by persuading her to wear a skimpy nightie for the kissing scene. I told him I would be delighted if he could persuade her, but frankly I doubted he could.

I prepared some drinks, and Keith opened his case and showed us the nightie he wanted Paula to wear. It was very short and almost completely see-through. He suggested that she should try it on now, to get her used to wearing it in front of other people. She was a bit reluctant at first but Keith was very persuasive and, after a few gulps of wine, she shyly took the skimpy garment into the bedroom to try it on.

My cock was throbbing with excitement as I wondered if she really would wear it in front of them. I saw Keith and Tom also exchange a quick glance of anticipation, and I quickly topped up the wine glasses as Paula returned. She looked wonderfully sexy. Her firm little breasts were almost visible through the thin material, and her tiny panties showed most of her cheeky bum. I was shaking with excitement as I listened to Keith and Tom praising her lovely figure as they made her parade up and down the room.

After a few more glasses of wine Paula was becoming more relaxed, and when I went into the kitchen for another bottle, she followed me. She gave me a very passionate kiss and whispered that she was beginning to feel quite sexy being dressed like that in front of Keith and Tom, so I told her I was very proud of her.



"I can see that," she giggled, and gave my erection a quick stroke before prancing back into the lounge. Tom and Paula sat close together on the couch as Keith directed the kissing scene. Tom seemed very nervous, and Keith tried to encourage him not to be so wooden. Unlike my cock, of course.

"Perhaps we should leave them alone to practice," I joked, "or I could show him how to do it?"

Keith nodded, so I sat next to Paula and began snogging with her as the other two watched.





Paula teased me by thrusting her tongue into my mouth, so I cupped my hand over one of her breasts and squeezed it lovingly. I was so excited because she did nothing to stop me, and when we eventually came up for air, my hand was still stroking her breast.

"Wonderful!" Keith exclaimed, "Now you try again Tom."

Tom took Paula in his arms again, and this time they began kissing just as passionately as we had been, and I watched with mounting excitement as he slowly slid his hand up her body and over her breast. She made no move to stop him as he began gently fondling her. Keith winked at me as we sat watching every move they made. Tom was really getting into the part now, his tongue was deep inside Paula's pretty mouth and his hand was roaming over her scantily covered tits and teasing her hardening nipples.

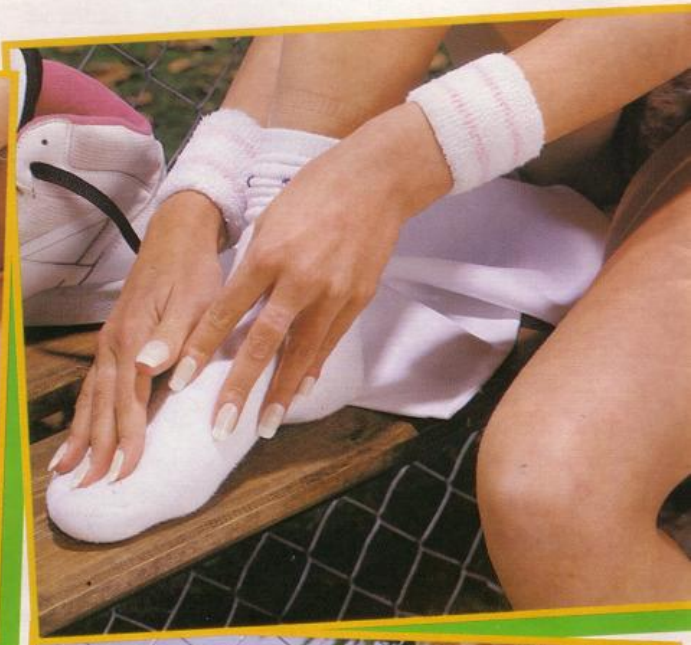
Keith's eyes were nearly popping out of their sockets as he stared at my wife and his friend as they snogged passionately only inches from us. He must have been worried about my reaction and he mumbled some nonsense about it being an important relaxation exercise for them, but I was so turned on that I didn't bother to reply.

Paula gave a sexy little whimper as Tom lifted

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

The TOE JOB!!







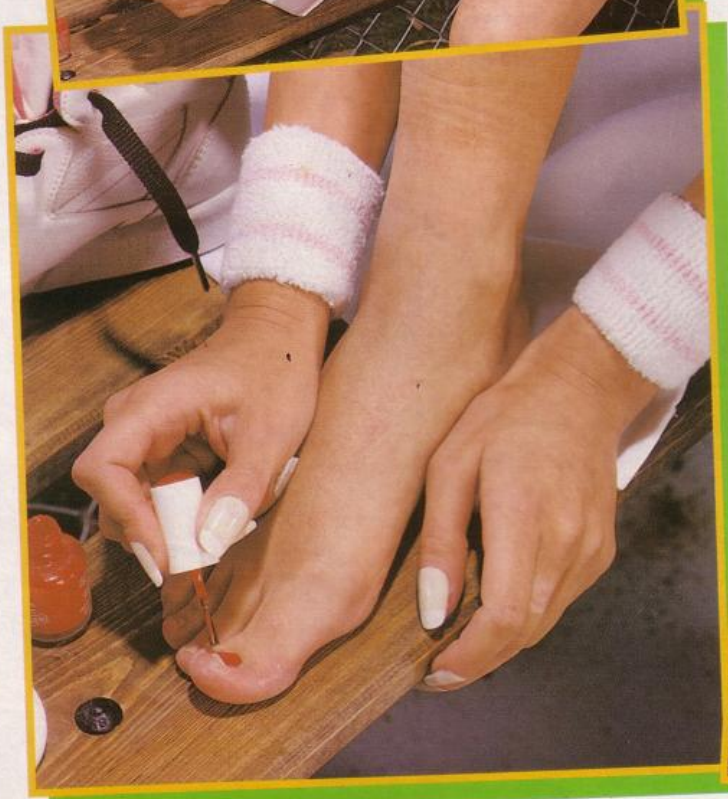


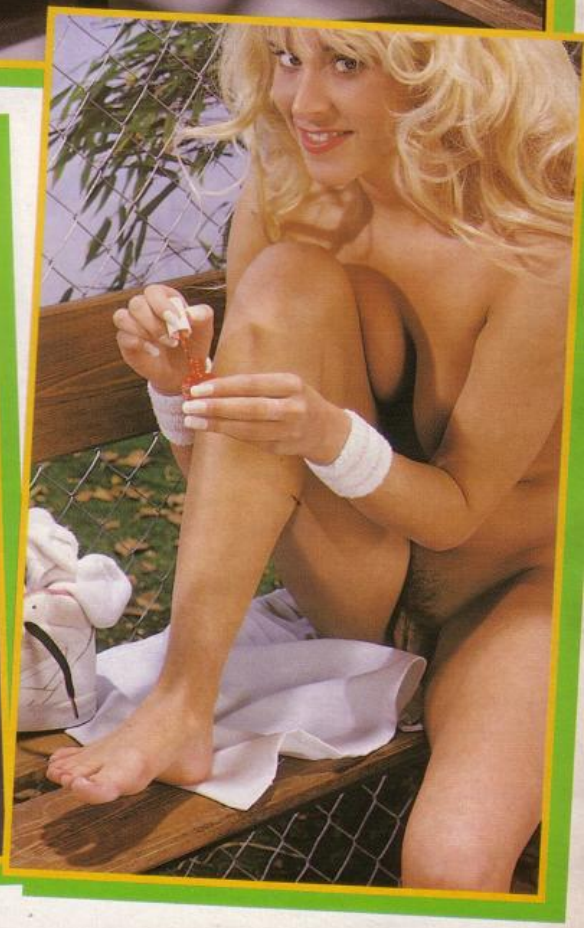
Feet. You either love 'em or hate 'em. I won't pretend that they give me a boner the size of Blackpool Tower, but I know some of you lot would rather look at tiny tootsies than massive melons any day of the week!

If you love feet, you'll love this section. We're taking requests, too. If you want to see a model and her feet doing something special, let us know about it and we'll take the pics. Write to: TJ, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.









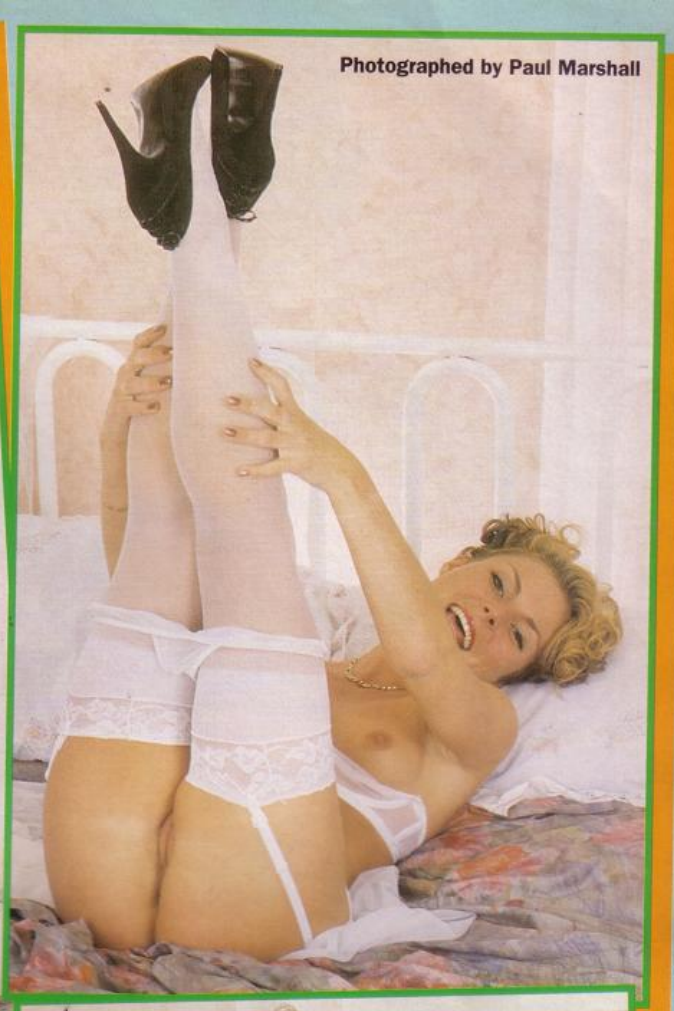
Jenny





When we saw this set, someone said that Jenny looked a bit like 'Nat-ley' from EastEnders. I don't reckon Nat-ley wears knickers as sexy as Jenny's, although if she wants to send her pictures in, I'll be only too happy to print them! And another thing, too, I don't think that Nat-ley has a fanny bulge as good as Jenny's. Just look at the way she's poking it at you when she bends over! Now I wouldn't mind giving her a taste of my Queen Vic...





Photographed by Paul Marshall





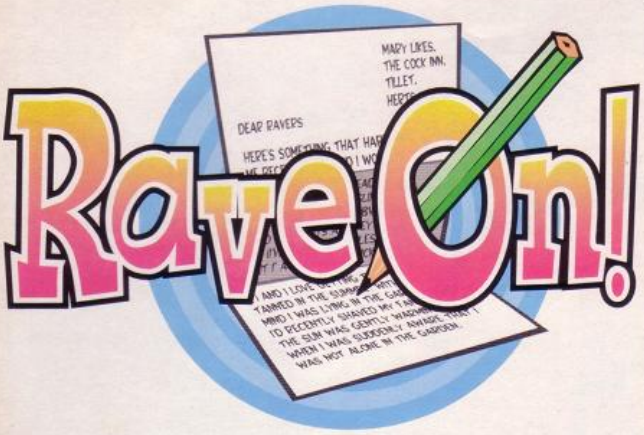
RAVERS
Jenny

Leg-Ends

Look at those leggy lovelies. Doesn't it make your old chap cry out in excitement to see such sexy pins? Every one of these gorgeous Ravers is a leg-end in her own home, and this is your chance to get your wife's pins on the page. So get your box brownie out, get the missus into her best tights or stockings and send your pin pics to: **Leg-Ends, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.**









up the thin top and exposed her naked breasts for us all to enjoy.

He took her tender nipples in his mouth and flicked his tongue over them. It was fantastic watching him take her right in front of me. He stroked and sucked her lovely breasts for ages. It was so erotic and I nearly came in my pants watching. Then, without moving his lips from her throbbing nipples, he slowly moved one hand down her flat tummy and to the front of her skimpy panties. She gave a low sexy groan as his probing finger stroked her pussy.

I could hardly believe my eyes as I watched my sexy wife approaching a climax. It was so erotic. I watched in shock and disbelief as Paula lay back on the couch and pulled him on top of her quivering body. They were still kissing passionately as he struggled with his belt, and then he was slipping her tiny panties down her long legs and positioning himself over her. She whimpered as she took his throbbing cock out and eased it into her dripping hole, nudging her fanny lips aside. He moved in and out of her as she urged him on with little sexy mewing noises, clawing at his bum cheeks.

Keith and I sat there watching them making love, our knobs bulging out the fronts of our trousers. Tom was gradually speeding up as he thrust his prick in and out of my sexy wife until at last he collapsed on top of her as they came together in a sweating heap. Paula had her arms round him and we could see her still moving gently against him as his cock began to soften inside her. The sexy bitch was so randy she could have taken us all on, but that didn't happen until the next 'rehearsal' and that, as they say, is another story.

Brian, Isle of Wight.

Peter's Friends

I recently took a job in a large





FOOD FRENZY

Cream Tarts



If you flick quickly to the centre pages, you'll get an eyeful of Rachel and Nicky smearing grub all over each other in our first proper messy set. In the meantime, I thought you might like to have a gander at Maria and Petra covering themselves in cakes. You can't have too many cream tarts, that's what I say. If you'd like to see someone smeared in food, let us know. We've got baked beans and all sorts in the cupboard, so get your letters in to: Food Frenzy, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

store in Liverpool city centre, which meant I had to travel backwards and forwards from my home on the Wirral. As I became better acquainted with my new workmates, a group of them invited me to join them on their regular Friday night girls' night out and, as my husband had no objections, I accepted.

Angie, one of the divorcees, was getting married again and she asked me to stand as a witness in the registry office. It was decided to have her hen party on the Friday night before her wedding and, as she had a spare bedroom in her flat, she said it would make more sense if I stayed at hers instead of rushing home and having to come back early the next morning to help her get ready. Rob, my husband, agreed with this and said he would meet me at the registry office the following morning.



After we had visited a few pubs in the city centre, one of the girls suggested going on to a club that she knew. We jumped into some taxis and headed for the club Jean had told us about which was situated in the south end of the city. Over the next few hours, we drank and danced and gradually our numbers decreased as, one by one, the girls paired off and left the club or drifted off on their own. Almost before I knew it there was only Angie and me left, and then she came back from dancing with one of the men and asked if I would mind if she went off to: 'enjoy her last night of freedom'. She told me she would give me a key for her flat and that her friend's mate, Peter, would see me safely home. Pete was standing next to us and I recognised him as a young man I had danced with earlier and who had bought me a drink, so for some reason I felt quite safe with him and I agreed.

Outside the club, Peter hailed a taxi and I was quite surprised when he got in with me, until he reminded me that he was going to see me home safely. When we got to Angie's flat he paid the taxi and took the key that Angie had given me and let us both in. His confident attitude completely disarmed me, and I didn't resist as he led me to the settee and sat me down. He sat down beside of me and put his arm around me and as I turned my head to ask him what he was doing, his lips pressed against mine and he was kissing me.

My mind was in a whirl as Pete's tongue probed and explored my mouth.

I was suddenly aware of his hand sliding across my bare midriff and then it was underneath my skimpy top, caressing me through my tiny bra. I knew I should tell him to stop, but his touch was doing such wonderful things to me that I just wanted him to go on and on. His left hand was now rubbing up and down my bare back and then I felt my bra go slack and his right hand was fondling my bare breasts and pinching my tingling nipples. His hand left my breast and he placed it on my thigh.



By now his hand had reached the top of my thighs and he pressed his fingers against the gusset of my briefs and then eased the thin piece of material to one side and his fingers slid into me. I couldn't suppress the groan of pleasure he forced from me and he knew he had me just where he wanted me as he led me to a shuddering cli-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54



ATTENTION!

ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMEN!

The staff of this magazine are waiting to impregnate you!

CONTACT THEM IMMEDIATELY!

Issued by

The Department of Spunk, Whitehall, London W1.













This was something a bit special. It was the first messy set I'd ever directed. And boy, was it messy; there were hardly any cream cakes left over for us to eat afterwards! Rachel and Nicky were smearing the stuff everywhere, and when Nicky got a bumcrack full of chocolate sauce, I had to be held back by the make-up artist to stop me from leaping onto the set and licking it off! Oh yes, you can bet that we'll be doing a few more of these. I never knew that squirty cream could taste so nice when you smear it onto a nipple! Oh, and apologies to our studio manager, James, for making such a huge mess...




GIRL SETS FOR SALE
see classified section
GREENCARE


RAVERS
Rachel
&Nicky



Euro RAVERS



We've all seen our share of blue movies, but which babe currently comes out on top? Which women would we crawl across broken glass for? Few men have been as near to them as BOBBY DUPEA Jr, so we asked him for his uppermost faves...

TOP TITS

EuroPorn watchers talk a lot about the bazooms of Celine Duval or Beatrice Valle (not Dalle), but it's some time since I've seen a shapelier, riper, more heavenly, natural pair of Grade A1 Bristols than those upon the superb superstructure of Brigitte Lahaie. Although she has long since retired from the French screen, she's never far from it in her sex advice columns, best-selling books and cassettes – and now in 120 or so hard CD-ROMs that are definitely not PC.



Tabatha Cash in Leather Dreams 2

BEST BUM

Marilyn Monroe had a great bum. Never in the history of wiggles has one butt been copied by so many and equalled by so few... But the best bum in Hollywood since then is Goldie Hawn's. Okay, she's 50 in November, but that's still one hell-luva butt. No wonder her long-time partner Kurt Russell is always smiling!

In the blue movie world, the bott is vital to the plot, and with so many probing close-ups, there's no room for cheating. A butt that looks a treat in jeans may prove to be pimpled 'n' pocked once the going gets dirty. Then again, it's not necessarily the blue movie gals who specialise in anal sex who own the best backsides.

Any American vote would have to go to Raven's immaculate posterior. But this is Europe and it's got to be Zara Whites. No question, no debate. It's well formed, it's tight, it's taut and when taken as a hole (sic), is simply...angelic.





LIPS (upper)

Doesn't matter if she's blonde, brunette or redhead, has lengthy Pfeiffer hair or short Minnelli tresses, a big hooter or cute button nose, dimpled chin or cheeks. None of that matters just as long as her lips appear made for a). kissing and b). sucking.

The all-time, perfect mouth in movie history belongs to Brigitte Bardot. Sorry girls, but rather than Italy's Anjelica Bella or Guilia Chanel, the best EuroPorn mouth on the end of any stud's stiffy is usually that of the Euro Star known as Tennessy. (In her Italian scorcher, **Concept 1**, her billing was more formal: Carole Tennessy.)

She's an ex-Miss France who's kept those lips in glistening action throughout her short career in porn.

LIPS (lower)

So far, we've looked at what can be seen on a fully-clothed woman before you've got down to the nitty gritty. As long as the ass is firm, her tits match up to expectations and the lips know their business, all that's left to investigate with taut tongue and stiff willie is the most intriguing orifice of 'em all.

If tits are one of the first things we ever saw in daylight, then as naturally as night follows day what we actually saw first, as delivery-room lighting startled our tiny eyes, was the orifice from whence we slurped. And a high percentage of us (men and women) have expended an enormous amount of energy trying like hell to get back in there.

I refer, of course, to The Pussy.

In normal cinema, we never see any pussy. Sharon Stone's famous flash in **Basic Instinct** showed no more than the first glimpses of pubic hair in **Blow Up**. No pussy, just pubes. "Her carpet," as Italian film-maker Tinto Brass puts it.

Shaking the carpet and opening a wet minge is at the very heart of pornography. As one blue-billionaire described his films to me: "They're like my life: wall-to-wall fucking pussy. Or, vice-versa."

And it's the one area that women are most defensive about. Caught naked by the milkman, they're more likely to cover their pudenda (as if their moss wasn't doing that already) than their tits. Because, as many as six out of 10 women are ashamed of their cunt. As if they're responsible for the way the lips pout out, hang down or if their clitoris is too much like an infant's dicky.

Porno babes go plastic and increase their titties. (I know at least five girls who've decreased them). But a pussy is a pussy. I've heard of plastic surgery to change the look, like fattening up the labia majora – as some Hollywood ladies have done to their other lips.

I prefer the natural in all things, and from the galaxy of genitalia shot in the most intimate, labia akimbo fashion – from those of ex-Hungarian Deborah Wells in Paris and Letizia Stovinsky in Rome – I would vote for Illona Staller. You know her better as Cicciolina. She's shaved, which adds a certain delicacy to the sheer pinkness of her bottomless vulva.

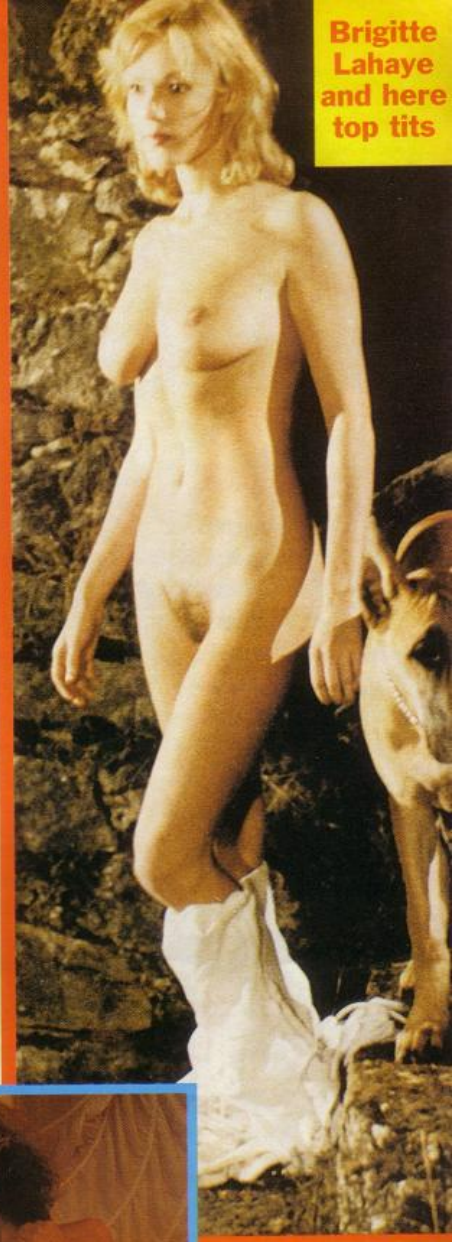
THE WHOLE SHEBANG

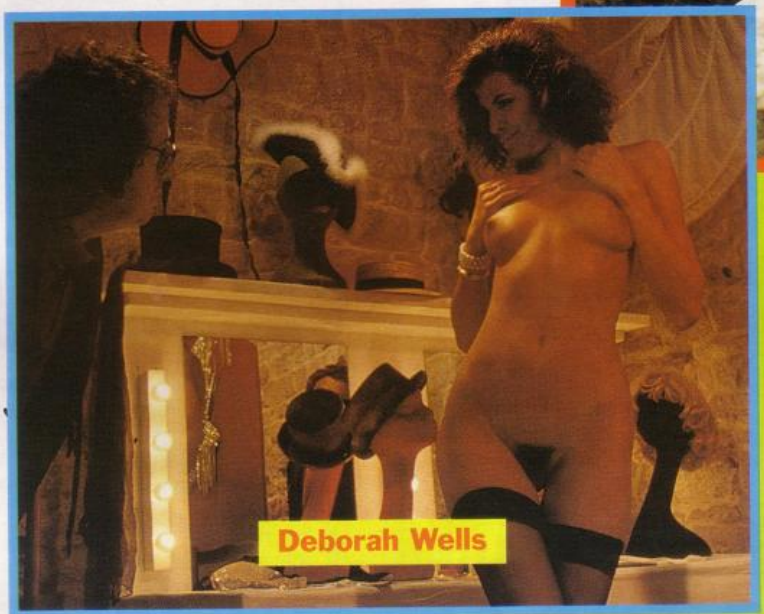
There you have it, the finest T'n'A and lips (upper 'n' lower) in EuroPorn. Put them all together and they spell...Tabatha Cash!

Yes, yes – don't shout! – I hear you. There is much in favour of the voluptuousness of such French, Dutch and Italian cock-riders as Susy Salvatores, Sandrine Van Herpe and Luana Borgia, but I'm a committed Tabatha fan. Not only does she yelp like a stuck pig when she's fucking, but she has the finest female equipment, head to toe, in the blue biz.

Tabatha's lips are full, swollen – you just know how they would feel on your dick. Tabatha's tits, once pert, have been plastically enlarged and are fine indeed, even if they don't always freely move when you'd expect them to. Tabatha's pussy has been seen in all your wet dreams – neither flippy or flappy, no lips hanging down like bell clappers. Sheer perfection, just like her ass. She's the Golden No. 1. The most perfect body in EuroPorn. Sadly she is gone. Just after finishing her biggest triumph, **Leather Dreams 2**, she quit the blues – just as her predecessor, Zara Whites, quit after **Leather Dreams 1.**

Francis Leroi directed both movies, so he has a lot to answer for. Then again, he also introduced us to their successor, N.J. De Bahia. Of whom you'll hear more. Just as soon as I can arrange a, erm, one-on-one with her...







max. I arched my hips and between us we pulled off my damp briefs and tossed them to the floor. Taking his trousers and pants off, he climbed on top of me and I spread my legs wide in total submission to this 22 year old man, 17 years my junior. He made a couple of tentative prods and then he found the spot, stretching me wider and filling me deeper than Rob had ever been able to do. He raised himself up on his arms and began to thrust into me, long powerful strokes that soon had me writhing and moaning beneath him. I could feel my orgasm building up and then it hit me, more powerful than the last one and at the same time I felt Peter straining against me as he released his sperm deep inside me.

When I woke up the following morning, except for a slight soreness between my legs, the was nothing physical to show what had happened the previous night; but in my mind I knew my life had changed dramatically. For the rest of the day there was so much to do that I had no time to dwell on it, with the exception of a little stab of guilt when my husband joined us outside the registry office. It was in the days and nights that followed that I found I couldn't get Pete's strong, thrusting body out of my mind and I finally admitted to myself that I had to see him again.



I went to the club where I had met him. I don't know what I'd have done if Peter hadn't been there but there he was, in the corner, with a bunch of his mates. He looked over and saw me and said something to his mates before walking across to speak to me. The crowd he had been with stared across at me, grinning, so I guessed that he had told them exactly how far I had let him go with me. Pete stood in front of me and said, "I had a feeling you would be back, you've really taken to young cock, haven't you?" He took my arm and led me to the corner where his friends were. It felt strange at first, sitting with all those young men, knowing they knew what Peter had already done to me, and knowing I was going to let him do it again when we left the club.



We left at about midnight, and Peter took me to his flat just around the corner, which he shared with a friend. Once inside he quickly removed my clothing but then he began to tease me, making me beg for what he knew I wanted. He had me pleading with him, using words I never thought would pass my lips, but I was willing to do anything just to feel the thrill of that powerful lump of flesh filling me up once more. Pete told me that his friend had never been with an older woman, and he asked if I would let him join us and let him find out what he was missing. I hoped that I didn't sound too eager when I said yes.

I knew what was expected of me and I was trembling as I removed my underwear under their watchful gaze. Once I was naked, Peter told his friend I was all his. He quickly stripped off and, with a cheeky grin, led me to the bed. He was already fully erect and his thick, seven inch cock swayed in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62



Tanya

Slippy screw of the month goes to this right little Raver. Okay, so she doesn't oil her big old melons up until you ask her politely, but when she does, get ready for some tit wank action! With tits this big, who needs enemies? Luckily for us, Tanya was happy to slap some slippy stuff onto her big old wobblers, which made the day a real treat for the Ed, 'cos he's always fancied himself as a masseur. Not that Tanya let him cop a feel, of course. Not until he'd shown her a certificate to prove he knew what he was about. Not that cycling proficiency counts for much in the massage game...









Photographed by VLT Promotions





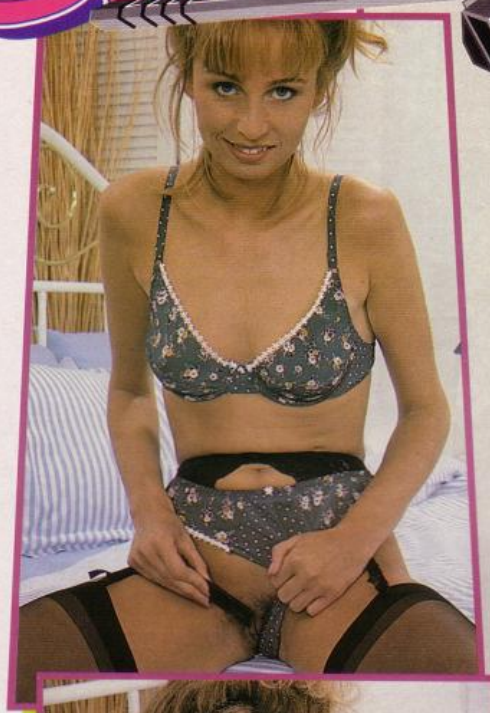







RAVERS
Tanya

Littles Shavers





"Bridget," I said, "your fanny's in a terrible state. D'you really expect me to stick my tongue into that hairy mess? I don't bloody think so! Now get downstairs and shave those pubes off at once, or there'll be no licking for you, young lady!" Well, what do you expect when she sits on my desk, hikes her skirt up, and asks for a tonguing with her bush in that state? Some of these girls really ought to know better by now, the cheeky little so and so's. Still, nice lips, eh?

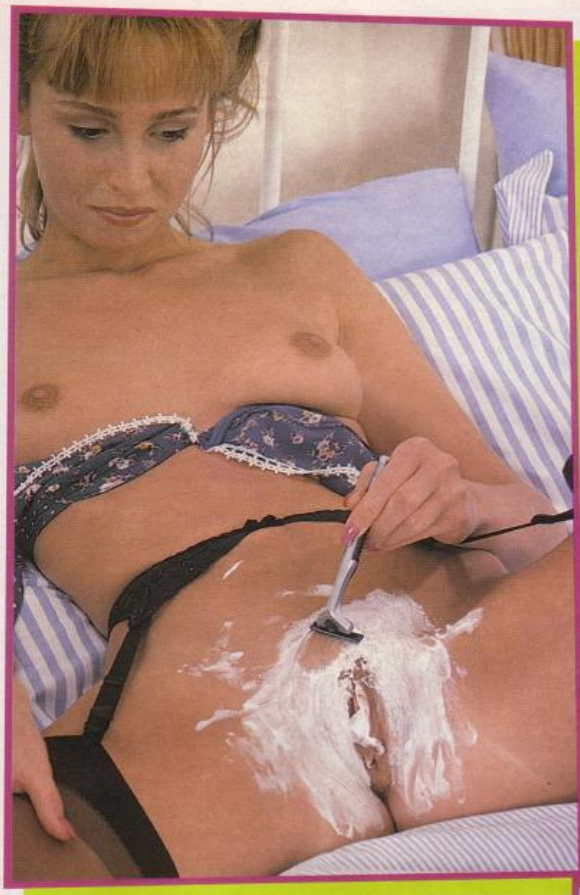
Bridget

Photographed by Mel Guiver











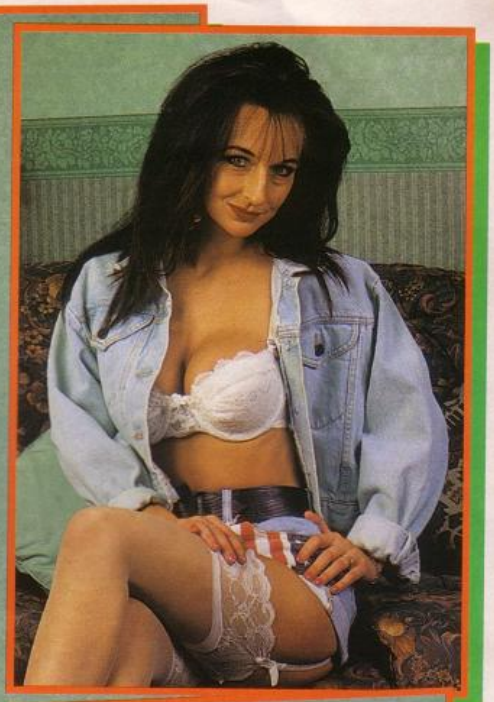







Little Shavers
Bridget

Kelly





You've seen her in countless readers' wives spreads – she even graced the first issue of our sister mag, TwoBlue – but you've never seen her in a set. So put your hands together (or down your pants, which is where mine'll be in a minute) for Kelly. Nice tits, nice bum and a chunky little fanny. What more could a body ask for. And don't say, "Her phone number," or there'll be trouble.


Photographed by Dave Wells


RAVERS
Kelly

I'M HOT, YOUNG, HORNY, WET & WAITING... 001 809 4961 300

...Sister-in-Law Sucks Your Cock

"Call me quick, while I'm hot and juicy, so that I can slurp down your thick slippery cock and you can fill my hungry holes with gobs of your scalding spunk."

001 809 4961 301 & 001 809 4961 302

PUSSY WHIP LINDA I take anything up my C**t and I'll hit you until you scream - while you cum on my face and in my mouth

001 809 4961 303

ENORMOUS TITS & TIGHT PUSSY
001 809 4961 304

WATCH ME WET MY KNICKERS
001 809 4961 305

IN UNIFORM FOR YOUR 9" THROBBING COCK
001 809 4961 306



LESBIAN GYM MISTRESS T**D UP & SHAGGED
001 809 4961 311

SHAG MY SISTER LICK MY C**T!
001 809 4961 312

SUB HUBBY - WIFE SPREADS FOR 2 BUILDERS
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VIRGIN BEGS FOR LESBIAN COCK ACTION
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HOME RECORDING
SLUTS SUCK SPERM
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BIZARRE

RUBBER IT UP MY A[redacted]
00-852-1723-5434

I LIKE IT UP MY [redacted]

RAM IT IN HARD
00-852-1723-5429

ME ACTUALLY GETTING FUCKED!

'LIVE'
00-852-1723-5418



LICK MY CUNT

DO IT NOW!
00-852-1723-5430

HEAR MY GIRLFRIEND

FINGER ME

00-852-1723-5436

SHAVE MY PUSSY

IT'S WET & READY
00-852-1723-5436

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VIRGIN TAKES 8" COCK

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Thick Cock Up Shaven Vagina
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On My Knees-Please Pump Me
001 809 4961 350

Rigid Cock Up My Hole
001 809 4961 351

STICK YOUR COCK UP MY WET C**T
001 809 4961 344

Lift my skirt & part my cheeks
001 809 4961 352

Shag my sister
and cum on her face
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TONGUE MY SLIT- I'LL SUCK YOUR BALLS
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Women who love to swallow
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"I'll tell you how her wet pussy tastes!"
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OUR PUSSIES ARE ALL DRIPPING WET
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Call now we'll take turns on your cock
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FOR THE HOTTEST F**K HOLE ACTION
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I'M HOT & HORNY FOR A BIG COCK NOW
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DEAR DELILAH



Got a spunky secret to share with other readers? Then send a hot, sticky letter to me, Delilah, and tell me all about it. I'm 36 years old and a 36DD cup. I've been around and I'm unshockable. At least I think I am. Why not try me? I can't promise not to answer back, though. Think of me as your own personal sex therapist and get those letters - and yourself - coming. Send your horny reads to: Dear Delilah, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

Dear Delilah

My mate and I are always on the lookout for randy women to pull, but what usually seems to happen is that one of us scores and the other goes home alone to pull his plonker. The same seemed to be happening last Saturday night; there was this gorgeous bird in the pub called Pauline who was chatting the pair of us up, but her mate was a dead loss and went home, leaving the pair of us with Pauline.

Neither of us was prepared to go, because both of us had the hots for her. In fact, my dick was so hard, I could hardly pee.

"Why can't you both take me home?" she asked.



There was no mistaking what she meant. She had a threesome in mind, all right. She got in Gary's car, and I followed in mine and we all went back to Pauline's flat.

She showed us into the living room, put some music on and said she was going to the loo. When she got back she'd changed into this incredible negligee affair. Talk about see-through! You could see her dark, springy pubes, her brown nipples, belly-button: everything. The question was, who was going to have her first?

"Come on," she urged. "Show!"

Gary was first to unzip himself. The size of his cock amazed me, but I knew I had the edge on him as far as width was concerned. Her eyes widened when I got out my John Thomas, and I knew she was impressed. Pauline took off her t-shirt and exposed her small, firm tits. "I want to see if you can both come at the same time and hit my nipples with your spunk," she

told us.

Taking a cock in each hand ***(Ooh, she'd make some farmer a lovely wife!)*** she proceeded to give us both an excellent wank, with just the right amount of squeeze and pace. I was soon very close to exploding.

Then she got hold of my cock again, and in half a dozen rapid shakes I was good and ready.

Suddenly, I was spurting and she held me so that her left nipple collected my hot stream. Seconds later, Gary's cock exploded too, jetting all over her right one. Pauline knelt there with our spunk dripping down her cleavage.

"How long is it going to take you two lads to get hard again?" she asked. "The first one to get a hard-on can fuck me." Gary and I started wanking like mad. Pauline helped by getting down on her knees and and sucking each of us in turn until our cocks started to come back to life. I was erect while Gary was still in lazy lob state.

"Come on, Roy, you've won," she said. I got on top of her and as I started to enter her, my knob felt an unfamiliar sensation.

Her cunt was lined with plastic. She'd got one of those female condoms on. It was such a different feeling that it really turned me on, though the rustling sounds as I shoved into it made us all laugh. Gary lay with his thighs over Pauline's face so that she could suck his cock into her mouth. She sucked, I fucked and the three of us were in seventh heaven. ***(I always did wonder what went on there. Now I know why it's so popular!)*** I'd spurted so hard the first time I came that this time my spunk flooded out rather than jetted.

I lay there recovering, my cock still inside her, and watched fascinated as Gary fucked Pauline's scarlet mouth. It was amazing watching his dong going in and out between her lips and seeing her sucking on him. He quickened his pace and started to pump and I knew he must be filling her mouth with spunk. Since that night we've been round to Pauline's three times, and each time we've had a really fabulous threesome.

ROY, MILTON KEYNES.

Thanks for your letter, Roy. With a threesome, it's often difficult to work out who does what to whom, but you lot appear to have it sussed. Good on yer. Hope you have loads more happy shagging: and keep writing to me about it!





Dear Delilah

I look on myself as versatile. I'm always ready to do anything a woman wants, if it pleases her. ***(Okay, write me a cheque for 10 grand. That'll please me a lot!)*** Most women have quite tame desires, but I have met some outrageous ladies. Some of the things they got up to, you wouldn't be able to print. ***(No, but we'd enjoy reading about it!)***

However, I thought you might be able to print the story of Samantha.

Samantha was a very large lady from St Lucia, whom I met at a business do. When I say 'large', I'm talking 15 stone at least. She had saucy, dark eyes, a great chuckling laugh, loved a drink and a dirty joke and every time she laughed, her enormous tits wobbled like jellies in her upholstered, low-cut bodice.

She turned out to be divorced and living alone. We both scarpered from the party as soon as we could and went back to her flat, which was small and neat and didn't seem to reflect Samantha's expansive physique and personality, until I saw her bedroom. To say I was surprised was an understatement. Not only did she have a whacking great four poster bed, big enough for King Henry VIII and all his wives, there was a big, round, sunken bath in the corner of the room. I told her how impressed I was and she asked me if I'd like to try out the bath. I replied that I'd love to, but only if she got in it with me.

"Ah, I have some special bathtime habits and I don't know if you'll like them," Samantha said. I couldn't think what she could possibly mean but I said I was game for anything.

She turned on the taps and started stripping off, revealing those sumptuous rolls of fat that really turned me on. Her ample figure was a luxury to look at.

When the bath was half full she turned off the taps and produced a packet of something or other which she tipped into the bathwater.



Within seconds the water turned to thick, brown mud. Samantha stepped into the sunken bath and disappeared up to her knees in the brown goo. "Come and join me," she said.

Samantha's huge globes were floating on the surface of the mudbath, her big brown nipples like clots of earth. I wanted to suck them but didn't fancy a mouthful of liquefied soil. Her hand made a dive for my prick under the water. She started to stroke me, rubbing the mud all around my genitals.

"I can't fuck you in this," I said. "Oh yes you can," she insisted and made a grab for me, almost pulling me under. We wrestled in the mud, slipping all over each other's bodies. Under the surface, my cock was finding its own way between her plump, fleshy cunt lips until at last I was inside her. We fucked sitting up, with her legs round my waist and her wonderful tits brushing my chest. It was the most wonderful ride of my life, rocking with Samantha in the mud, not being able to see my prick, only aware of wonderful warm, sucking, slurping sensations all over my body.

She was so hot inside that I couldn't feel my ejaculation pumping into her. We finished by showering ourselves off and then spraying each other with talcum powder and finally clambering into that kingsize four-poster, where Samantha got down on my cock and sucked me to hardness again and then rode me, smothering me in all that fabulous jiggling flesh.

DAVE, SOUTHAMPTON.

They say mud's very good for the skin, Dave. Keep up the mud baths and you'll have the softest shafting iron in Southampton – as far as your foreskin is concerned, anyway!

Dear Delilah

I'm a granny of 72, but my screwing days are certainly not over. My husband died five years ago and I said jokingly to my daughter that I ought to think about getting a vibrator. Blow me if she didn't get me one for my birthday!

I was a bit nervous about trying it. The whole situation seemed a bit artificial, like making a date. I lay on the bed and got it out of its packet and started rubbing it between my legs.

Nothing was happening. I wasn't getting turned on. Then I remembered my daughter telling me she used Vaseline or K-Y with hers. I found some Vaseline and coated the end of the vibrator with it and had another go. That was much better. The smooth knob end was gliding past my clitoris and I began to insert it between the lips of my pussy. ***(It's just like riding a bike – you never forget!)***

I was getting on so well with that that I quite forgot about the battery part. Then I remembered and turned on the switch. The tingling jolt that shot through my clitoris made me feel 22 again and getting fucked for the first time. I suddenly realised what my clit had been missing all these years. I stuck my knees in the air, closed my eyes and let my fantasies roll as I slipped that buzzing instrument in and out of my fanny.

I was surprised to find my juices flowing as they hadn't flowed for years, and I had four orgasms before falling into a blissful sleep.

Now I feel good and ready for a lover, especially a fit and active younger one. Never think you're past it, girls – just get yourself a vibrator and your libido will soon wake up!

FREDA, MANCHESTER.

What a lovely, positive message. I hope I'm still orgasming when I'm 72, both through self-stimulation and real live dicks. And I wish you luck with your search for a partner.

Dear Delilah

I'd like to tell you about my best sex – ever. You see, I shagged two sisters once. Their names were Linda and Lorraine. Lorraine was a girl I'd been to college with and Linda was two years



younger. Lorraine was shortish, plump and dark, with full, kissable lips and a big bum, while Linda took after her father, being tall, wiry and blonde.

It was New Year's Eve and everyone was drunk. Lorraine was being outrageous. She was wearing a skintight, black Lycra dress which clung to her figure. First she pulled it down and let her big, full breasts bob out over the top, and then, to applause and whistles, she dropped her drawers and flashed her well-haired minge at everyone. She was trying to persuade her sister to join her, but shy Linda declined. So I leapt up there with her and mooned at everyone, then flashed my willy. Everyone at the party was screaming with laughter and I could tell they were all getting horny ***(Is your willy that good, then?)***. Several couples sloped off to find a private corner to snog and grope in. Somehow I ended up in the garden with Linda. We sneaked into the garage and leaned against the wall in the dark, thrusting our tongues down each other's throats, pressing our bodies together.

I slipped my hand down to her crotch. I slipped my fingers through the elastic barrier and into her sex hole. It was open and wet and grabbed at my fingers as I pushed them inside. Like me, Linda was certainly ready for it.

It was an easy job to hoist her long, silky skirt up and pull her tiny, nylon panties down. I was too rampant to bother with lengthy foreplay, and Linda was begging me to fuck her so I stuffed my length inside her and began fucking the arse off her.

Suddenly the garage door opened and I heard a voice – a female one – call: "I bet some dirty fuckers are at it in here!" It was Linda's sister, Lorraine.

"It's me and Colin," called out Linda. Lorraine followed the sound of our gasps and came over. She ran her hands over my bare bum then felt beneath my bollocks



to where my cock, slimy with Linda's cunt juice, was firmly embedded in her hole. "Big sister's horny as hell."

"Fuck off, Lorraine!" warned Linda.

"Aw, come on, you can share him, he looks as if he's got more than enough to go round," wheedled Lorraine. I was still fucking Linda, my cock sliding in and out, but my hand found Lorraine's pubic thicket and my middle finger slipped into her cleft and started working on her clitoris. I felt her whole cunt swell and grow wet in my hand. Soon I had two, three and then four fingers up her eager hole and was finger-fucking her at the same speed as my cock was driving into her sister. Linda's whole body started to tremble and I knew she was coming as she was grabbing at me and chewing my neck.

Once Linda had calmed down, I slid my prick out of her and kept my arm round her while I used my other hand to guide my slippy prick into Lorraine, who was leaning with her back to the wall and one foot up on a plant container, holding her flaps open. I wished it hadn't been so dark in there, so I could have seen the full glory of that pink tunnel. Screwing Lorraine was quite different from shagging her sister. Whereas Linda was content to let me set the pace, Lorraine liked to take charge. She shoved her pussy up and down my cock while I stood there and did nothing except concentrate on holding back and allowing her to pleasure herself on my length. Lorraine having an orgasm was a noisy and wild affair. She shook and clawed me, and her vaginal muscles squeezed so hard I thought they'd snap my prick in two. I couldn't hold back and was pretty soon shooting my hot cream streams into her.

I've now got a fancy for shagging a pair of twins. If I manage it, I'll write and let you know.

TONY, BRISTOL.

You do that, Tony. If you ever manage three sisters, you'll be close to matching my own record score when I fucked three brothers and finally managed to seduce their dad. But I drew a line at the mother. She wasn't my type!



Stark Ravers!!

You can't keep a good wife down. Not unless you offer to buy her a nice new motor. Just in case you missed the last lot, here's some more of your fave wives to keep you going until next month. And remember, we want to see even more of you lot on these pages, so if you reckon your wife or partner is up to the challenge, then **turn to page 54 for details of how to get yourselves in print!**







Lady, Newmarket





Debbie, Watford







Danni, Zurich







Terri, Yorks





Josie, Worcs



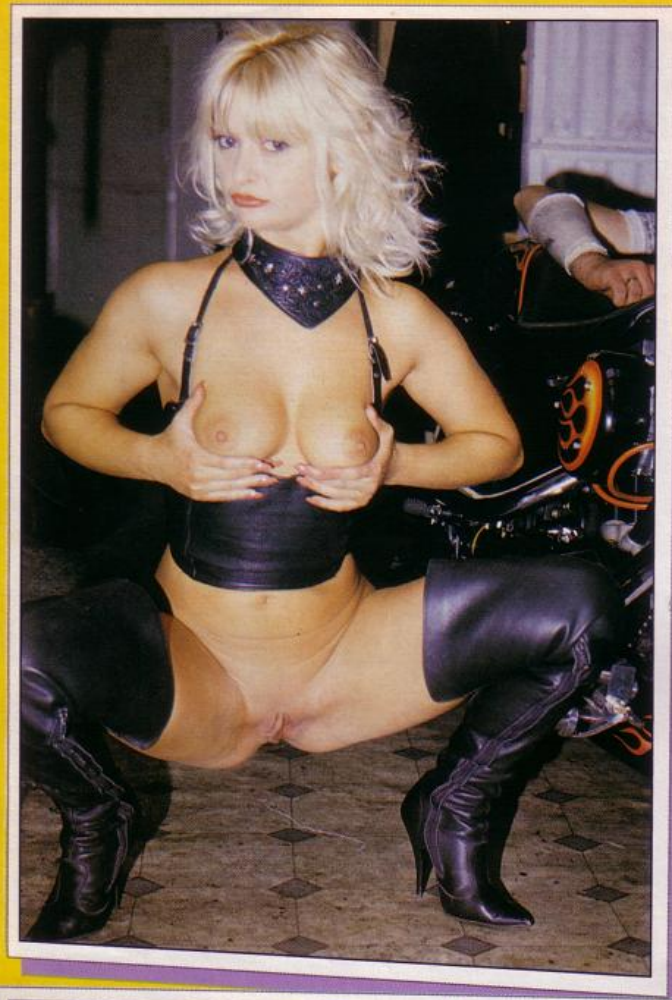


Lorraine, Derby












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You should have seen the look on their faces when she jumped up on the bench and started sticking her shaven fanny out for John's waiting camera – it was priceless. After she'd put on such a good show, it was the least Russel and Mick could do to give her thigh high boots a quick spit and polish. Although the way Lynne stuck her fanny into their faces, it was more like a quick slaver and polish!

As the boys gave Lynne a guided tour of the shop and invited her to sit on their choppers and play with their big ends, Russel grinned at John and told him: "It made coming to work worthwhile!" And you can't argue with that! Remember, if you want a Raver to visit your workplace and spill her giblets all over your desk, all you have to do is get your boss to write to the Ed and invite us down. Once you've done that, keep your eyes and trousers peeled, and make sure you keep a spare pair of y-fronts with you in case of emergencies!

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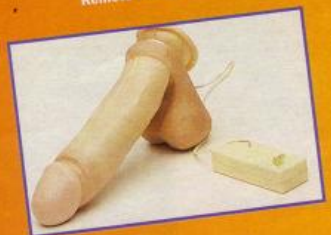
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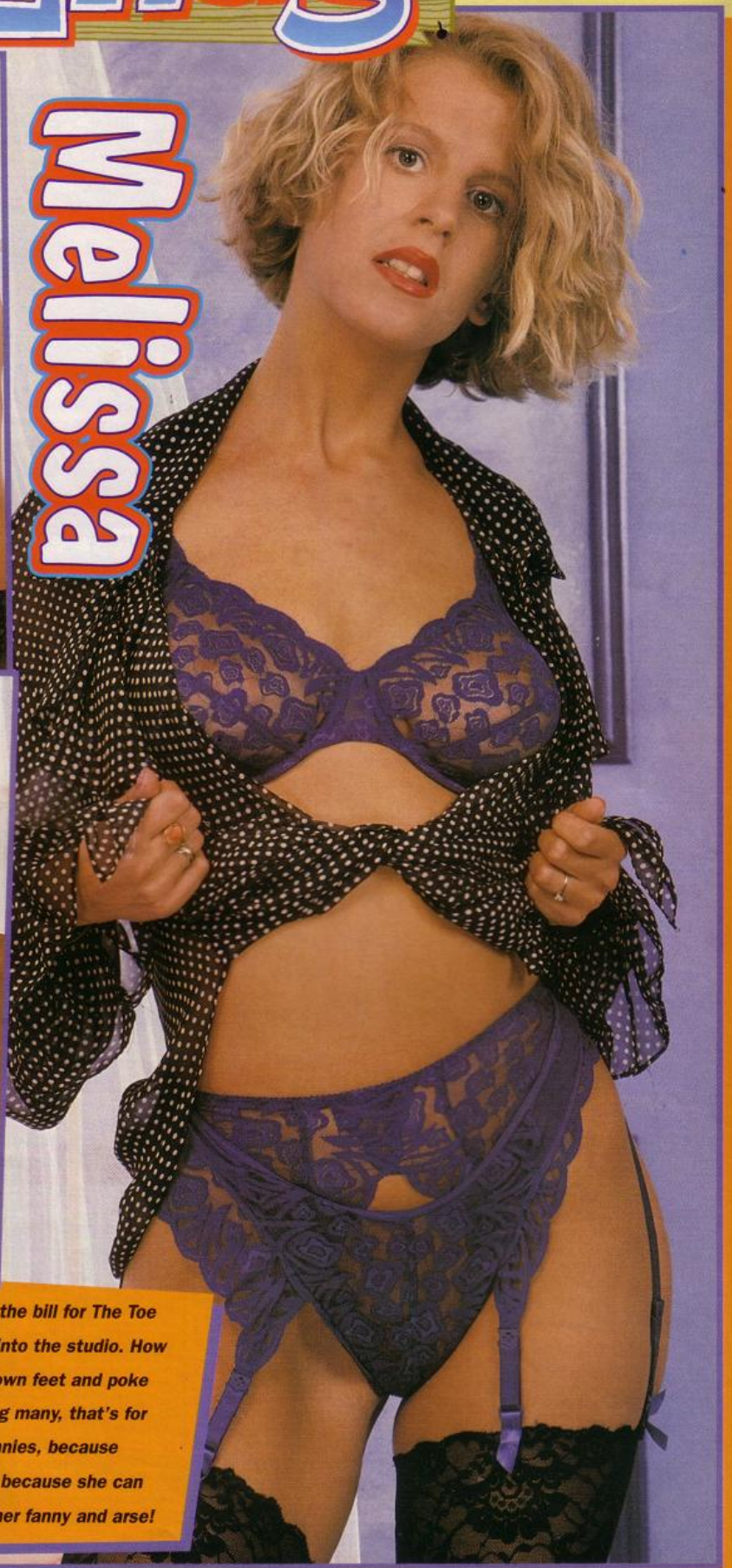
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TailEnds

Melissa







When Rod told us that Melissa fitted the bill for The Toe Job and Tail Ends, we had to get her into the studio. How many girls do you know who can suck their own feet and poke their arses out at the same time? Not fucking many, that's for sure! Doesn't matter if you're into feet or fannies, because Melissa gets a 10 in both departments. And because she can suck her own toes, you can concentrate on her fanny and arse!

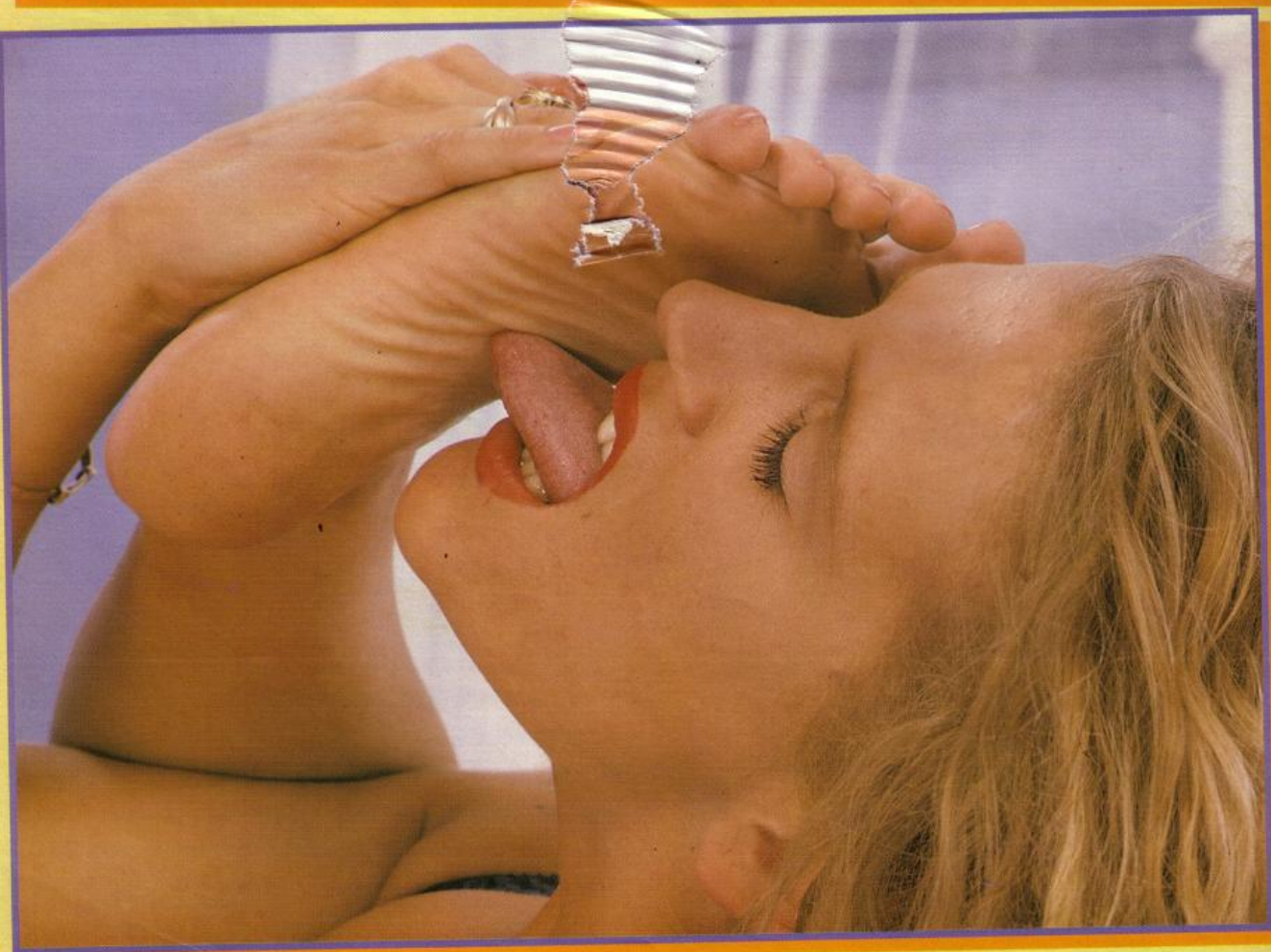


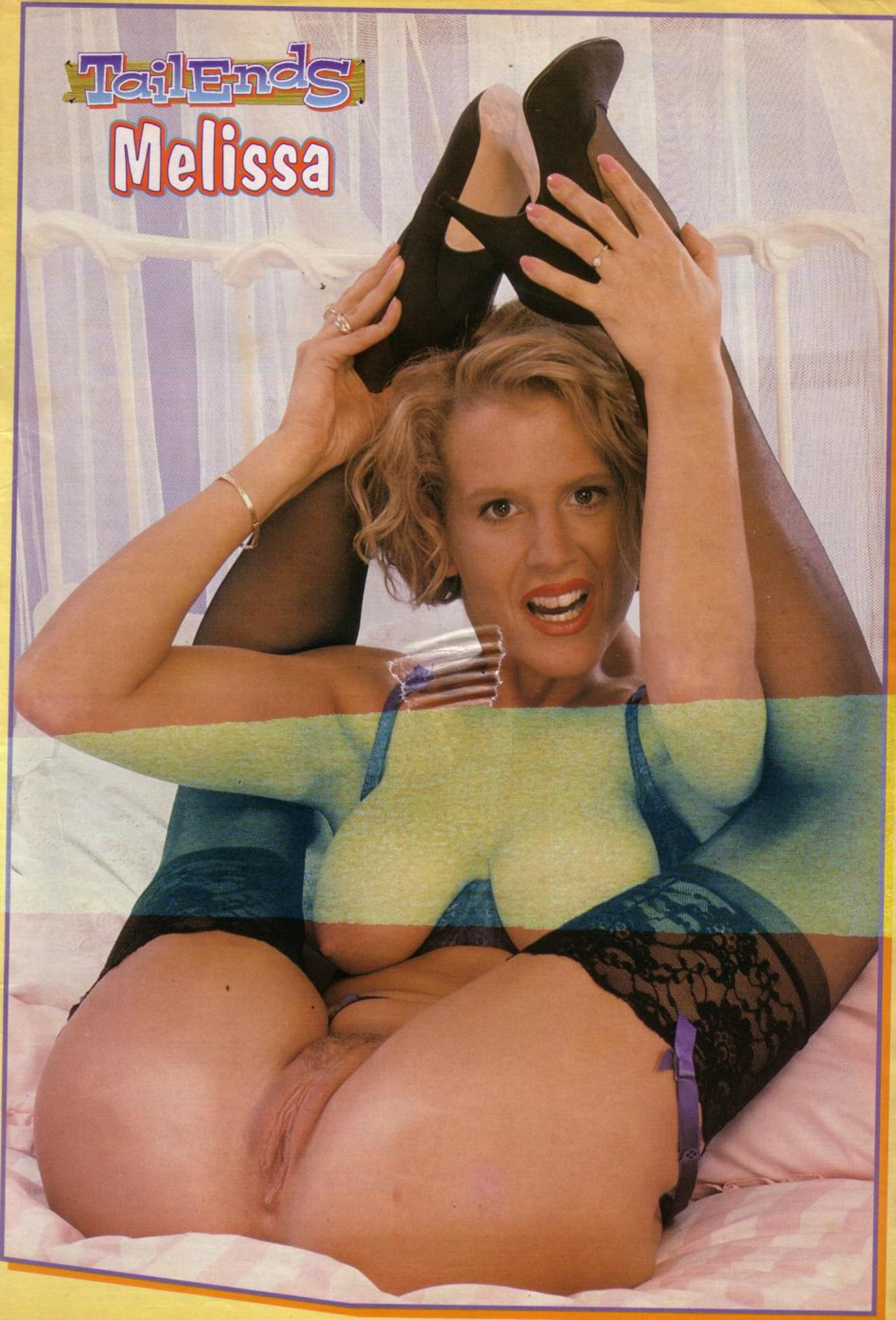




Photographed by Rod Munch






TailEnds
Melissa

Rave On!



sure I went home reeking of pussy juice, but it was lovely to feel her bare mound on my bare flesh.

It wasn't too long before I was occasionally visiting Wendy at home on her days off. I would have to approach her house with my cock hanging from my trousers – discreetly hidden, of course – and she would open the door to me standing totally naked. Hardly before the door was closed, she would be sucking my length before climbing onto my erection. Invariably, my clothes were left in the hall as we made our way around the house screwing on the floor, up against walls, over chairs and tables, and even on the children's beds.

As a precaution, although Wendy found it a real turn-on by the amount of juice she leaked, she would telephone her husband at the office whilst I was shagging her or licking her smooth fanny. The brief telephone call made her incredibly excited and ravenous for cock. We would return upstairs for a fucking session with the occasional respite for a glass of wine. I loved it when she had had sex with her husband that morning and his come was still inside her, oozing out as my length plunged deep into her pussy. I would actually suck and tongue her pussy to taste his juice.

As time went on we got more adventurous, wanting people to see us and leaving the bedroom curtains open and making a point of fucking against the window. We fucked in the back garden whilst her neighbour was hanging out washing, and Wendy loved to stand behind me at her front lounge window holding my cock on show for passers-by to see. We even stripped naked behind a glass office door in the City of London!

Several times we went to supermarkets, and Wendy would squat down by a low shelf exposing her knickerless cunt. We even went shopping with her wearing just a coat, stark naked underneath! Or, when we went out in the car, she would sit totally naked and not at all embarrassed, making a point of showing herself for everyone to see. We enjoyed several threesomes with a pal of mine, one foursome and numerous photo sessions, separately or together.

These are experiences of which I will write further if this letter is printed. Our affair was long and very, very passionate but it came to an end when our partners found out.

Incredible though it may seem, my wife had a brief affair with Wendy's husband, maybe out of spite or simply for sympathy. From time to time Wendy telephones me; I do miss the excitement and passion, knowing it to be wrong. We both know that if we meet again we will be inside each others' pants immediately…who knows whether Wendy will read this letter.

Steve, Surrey.

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